

CREEPY  
#126



WARREN  
MAGAZINE

MAR. 1991

# CREEPY

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US

NIGHTMARES  
BECOME  
CHILLINGLY  
REAL FOR...  
"THE DREAMER!"



# STAR WARS THE MOST EXCITING NEW MODELS AVAILABLE!

**NEW!**



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**NEW!**



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**CREEPY**

MARCH 1981

NUMBER 128



## PARASITE 6

It gnawed away at the brain, eating it up until it filled the entire cranial cavity. It began as a madman's experiment, now the parasite threatened to inundate the world and wipe out all life.



## NEVADA MOON 17

On the high plains of Nevada, the wolves ran free preying on the flocks of the ranchers. Big Bob McElride was going to do something about it! But the wolves were determined to remain free.



CREATED WOMAN25

Gus Westaly was a mouse of a man! There wasn't a woman in the entire world who wanted him. But, where there is a will there is a way. Perhaps he would be able to construct his own girlfriends!



## RAGGED MAN 38

Schoell was the story teller of the concentration camp. Amid despair he offered hope. Amid death he promised salvation. He said the Flagged Man would come to save them on a night of magic.



## DREAMER 48

Tookide would take care of him, he knew that! But he had to be brave with all those monsters chasing him. Somehow, he had to control those dreams which Tookide made so frighteningly realistic!



## HOT BOB 57

Hot Bob knew what he wanted, yessiree! And he knew how he was going to get it! He would go home to Earth and end his exile. He would give back to them what they had given him after the war.

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# Dear Uncle Creepy



What is going on at Warren Publishing? CREEPY #124 saw a retreat from the twenty first century! Only one story, "The Prometheus," took place in the future. "Paydirt" was set in the last century, and all the other stories were set in the doubtful present.

One of the things I always enjoy about the magazines produced by Warren Publishing is that their tales of adventure, mystery and fantasy are always set in exotic locations in the future, the past, and yes, even the present. That is something that all the Warren readers have come to expect. We want to leave all our rather humdrum lives.

I can't escape my humdrum life unless Warren Publishing is willing to open those doors to worlds of fantasy and dimensions of adventure that I can't find elsewhere. Keeping those doors open is the duty of Warren Publishing. I and all the other readers are counting on it!

LIZ BAGLEY  
Cincinnati, Ohio

I'm glad Archie Goodwin made one of his all too infrequent appearances in CREEPY #124. As the scripter of "Cult," he outdid even his usual high standards of telling tales filled with suspense, power and a spine-chilling tautness. Martin Salvador was the perfect illustrator for "Cult" because his realistic style was the perfect accompaniment for the story of a man lost in the "wilde" of mad America in the midst of turbulent times.

"Malphisto's Illusion," by Nicola Cuti, "Prometheus" by Rieh Mangelopoulos, and "A Slight Case of Madness" by Will Richardson, were all terrific! It is a pity that such a fine issue had to be sullied with "Paydirt" and "Mayhem Museum" both of which were abominable.

Perhaps next time Warren Publishing will come up with an issue of CREEPY that will be a perfect winner. That issue will contain stories on the same level with "Cult" instead of just four.

SHARON OGELVY  
Detroit, Mich.

Where in Heaven's name did you find such a talent as Adolpho Bully? And how quickly can you send him back there? Mr. Bully's effort on "Mayhem Museum" in CREEPY #124 was nothing short of terrible. I'm sure that there are more talented artists out there that are just beginning to work for Warren Publishing. Go find them!

PATRICK HURLEY  
Hurley's Corner, Md.

Much of the material printed on the letters pages in recent issues seem to be from people who are nostalgic for the "good old days" at Warren Publishing. These writers deny the super abundance of science fiction in the pages of CREEPY. Well, the "good old days" for me was precisely that period when science fiction held sway. I think that our readers there is a trend back to horror.

A good example of this was the last issue of CREEPY, #124, in which there was only one science fiction story in the entire book. That story, "The Prometheus" was the best story in the issue. Some people might say that "A Slight Case of Madness" was also a science fiction story, but I feel it was nothing more than a typical horror story covered with a thin veneer of Science Fiction.

The rest of the stories in the book were obviously from the horror genre, and "Cult" was more of an adventure piece with supernatural overtones.

I have no objections to heavy doses of SF in each issue. I for one, can hardly wait for my "good old days" to return to CREEPY magazine!

"T.M. MAPLE"  
Toronto, Canada

I especially liked CREEPY #124 because of Archie Goodwin's outstanding story, "Cult." Goodwin's tight, fast script kept me on the edge of my seat throughout the story. I also found Martin Salvador's art to be a perfect foil for the script. There was a certain plain honesty about Salvador's art which I found to be very enjoyable.

My second favorite story was "A Slight Case of Madness" by Will Richardson and Herb Arnold. Even though it was printed in beautiful black and white tones, Arnold's art seemed to be colorful and exciting.

The other writers and artists in the issue can also take their bows for the truly outstanding jobs they did as well.

MELANNE LANNETTE  
New Orleans, La.

## Dear Uncle Creepy

GO  
Warren Publishing Co.  
145 East 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016

I may only be thirteen years old, but I can sure spot a good story when I see one! "Malphisto's Illusion" in CREEPY #124, practically kept me out of the book at me. Alexis Romero and Alex Toth really set the mood for Nicola Cuti's tale of grotesque death.

On the other hand, the art for "Paydirt" really stunk. Alfredo Alcalá could have tried harder on this one. At least the script by Roger McKenzie was superb.

I have one comment in general. I would like to see more science fiction. There seems to have been a pre-emptive drop in the amount of Science Fiction that Warren Publishing has been printing in CREEPY of late. I know I am a fan, but that fanaticism doesn't mean that there aren't many people out there who don't feel the way I do!

LIEBE KING  
New Orleans, La.

Congratulations to Alexis Romero and Alex Toth on the truly outstanding job they did in rendering Nicola Cuti's "Malphisto's Illusion." This story was, without question, the highlight of CREEPY #124!

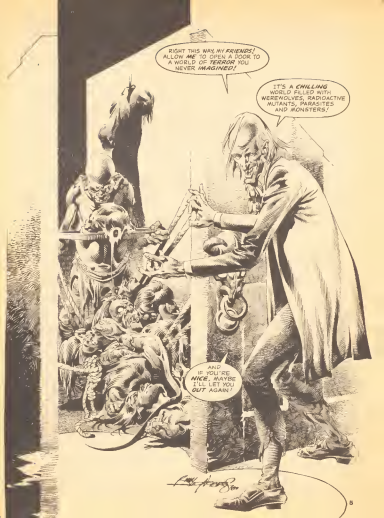
Three of the other stories could be sent to the graveyard of forgotten art and scripts. Carmine Infantino and Alfredo Alcalá should hang their heads in shame for "Paydirt," while Adolpho Bully's effort on "Mayhem Museum" should have been left under whatever rock it crawled out from!

I'm glad to see dear old Uncle Creepy peeping out from the intro page once again. He is important in setting the mood for the issue, and Rudy Nehrusse deserves a word of thanks for his brilliant rendering of Uncle Creepy. Only Nehrusse manages to capture Uncle Creepy's essence! Overall, I would say that CREEPY #124 was an above average book!

DANIEL MEINERTH  
Port Elizabeth, N.Y.

One of the real joys of CREEPY magazine of late has been the artwork of Alex Toth. CREEPY #124 proved to be no exception! Toth's work, along with Alexis Romero, on "Malphisto's Illusion," was the jewel of the issue. Toth has the unique ability to turn any story into a visual treat. His art seems to be simple and spare, and yet Toth seems to be able to pack so much into it. In fact, I have reached the point at which it is the simple anticipation of seeing Toth's artwork that motivates me to buy an issue of CREEPY.

PAUL JONES  
Belmont, N.H.



RIGHT THIS WAY, MY FRIENDS!  
ALLOW ME TO OPEN A DOOR TO  
A WORLD OF TERROR YOU  
NEVER IMAGINED!

IT'S A CHILLING  
WORLD FILLED WITH  
WEREWOLVES, RADIOACTIVE  
MUTANTS, PARASITES  
AND MONSTERS!

AND  
IF YOU'RE  
NICE, MAYBE  
I'LL LET YOU  
OUT AGAIN!

*Paul Fierman*

ARTHUR GLENNEN BERYLOX DIED SEPTEMBER 29, 1958, EVEN WITH ALL OF HIS ENORMOUS WEALTH, THE RICHEST INDUSTRIALIST IN THE AMERICAN MIDWEST COULD NOT BUY THREE MORE MINUTES OF LIFE! HE NEVER MADE IT TO SURGERY!

ALTHOUGH IT WAS REASONED THAT HE SUFFERED TO BRAIN MEMORABLE, THOSE IN ATTENDANCE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND THE VILE GROWTH SEEPING FROM BERYLOX'S BODY.

PREPARE THE BODY FOR AUTOPSY, NURSE!

THAT HORRIBLE... STENCH, DR. KERR! IT SMELLS LIKE DECOMPOSITION! ALMOST AS IF HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR MONTHS!

# PARASITE

IT...IT'S ALIVE! GOD HELP US ALL!

THE REPORT OF CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER DR. A. HARRISON KERR STATED WHEN THE CRANIUM WAS OPENED, THOSE ASSISTING IN THE POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION WERE SHOCKED TO DISCOVER A TUMOROUS GROWTH THE SIZE OF THE PATIENT'S BRAIN.

THERE WAS NO TRACE OF ANY BRAIN MATTER WHATEVER WITHIN THE CRANIAL CAVITY! ONLY THE TUMOR.

WHEN THE GELATINOUS, DRIPPING, DEEP SCARLET GROWTH WAS REMOVED, IT SHOT FORTH LIVING TENTACLES WHICH WRAPPED AROUND DR. KERR'S FINGERS. IT HAD TO BE DISLODGED WITH SCALPELS.

FURTHER, WHEN THE PATHOLOGISTS EXAMINED TISSUE FROM THE LATE BERYLOX'S BODY, IT WAS CONFIRMED THAT THE MAN HAD BEEN PHYSICALLY DEAD FOR OVER THREE MONTHS.

THE BLOOD RED TUMOR WAS INCUBATED, YET, WITHIN SIX MONTHS EVERY MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL TEAM INVOLVED IN THE AUTOPSY OF BERYLOX... WAS DEAD.

ALL WERE IMMEDIATELY CREMATED, AND THE CASE WAS QUICKLY CLOSED.

APRIL 9, 1981, MICHIGAN  
LAND AND PROPERTY DE-  
VELOPMENT COMMISSION

MICHIGAN STATE  
LAND RECOVER  
AGENCY





THAT **NUT!** WHAT THE HELL WAS HE **TALKING** ABOUT? SOMETHING MORE **MONSTROUS** THAN THE HUMAN MIND CAN IMAGINE...?

MAYBE I'D BETTER **CHECK OUT** HIS STORY... JUST TO **COVER MYSELF**... IN CASE SOMETHING **COMES OF THIS LATER!**



HIYA, **ALLIE**. NOT GOING HOME FOR THE NIGHT **ARE YOU?**

I AM UNLESS YOU WANT TO BUY ME A **BURGER AND BEER!**



I'VE GOT TO GO OVER TO THE **REGENCY** TO SEE THIS GUY, **BERYLOX**. HE CAME IN TODAY CARRYING ON ABOUT SOME LAND HIS OLD MAN USED TO OWN IN THE UPPER PENINSULA.

AND YOU JUST HAPPENED TO STOP BY **HERE** FIRST TO ASK ME TO **CHAPERONE** YOU

ER...ACTUALLY, I NEEDED SOME **INFORMATION...**

I NEVER WOULD HAVE **GUESSED**



HERE WE GO, JACK! AN **ARTHUR L. BERYLOX** OWNED A HUGE **ESTATE** EXACTLY WHERE THE RIVER RUNS NOW.

MY GOD, THE MAN MUST HAVE BEEN **KILNY RICH**. IT SAYS THAT THE PROPERTY WAS EVALUATED AT **TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS**.

APPARENTLY, **BERYLOX SENIOR** DIED IN '58... THE SAME YEAR THE RIVER CHANGED COURSE AND SWALLOWED UP THE **ESTATE!**



**ARMOND BERYLOX** CLAIMED THAT IF WE RE-ROUTE THE RIVER AND EXPOSE HIS FATHER'S **ESTATE** WE'D BE RESPONSIBLE FOR **UNEARTHING** SOMETHING **HORRIBLE!**

YOU'RE **KIDDING!** YOU'D THINK THAT **JUNIOR** WOULD BE **DYING** TO GET HIS HANDS ON THE OLD MAN'S PROPERTY!



WHAT DO YOU THINK IS **DOWN** THERE, JACK? SOME DEEP, DARK **FAMILY SECRET?** A MANSION FULL OF MUTILATED, DECOMPOSED **BODIES**...OR SOMETHING EVEN **MORE HORRENDOUS?**

YOU'RE BEING OVERLY **MELODRAMATIC**, ALLIE! WHATEVER **BERYLOX** WANTED ME TO FIND, **WASN'T** TO BE FOUND IN YOUR **LAND RECORDS!**



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO RELY ON HIM TO TELL US WHY WE **SHOULDN'T** RECLAIM HIS FATHER'S **LAND!**

1151

HERE'S HIS **ROOM!**

AND LET ME TELL YOU THAT RELYING ON THE REASONING OF A **MADMAN** IS AGAINST MY BETTER **JUDGEMENT!**







"IT'S RUMORED THAT BERYLOK STUDIED, FOR YEARS, THE HERMETIC ARTS OF ALCHEMY!"

"UNLIKE THE STEREOTYPED ALCHEMIST WHO SOUGHT TO TRANSFORM BASE METALS INTO GOLD, BERYLOK WISHED ONLY TO CREATE THE PRIMA MATERIA... THE PRIMAL SUBSTANCE OF LIFE ITSELF!"



"CREATING LIFE FROM NOTHING MORE THAN THE ELEMENTS OF NATURE UNDER FORCED SCIENTIFIC CONDITIONS IS A WERE-BY-PRODUCT OF ALCHEMY! AS TO WHETHER OR NOT BERYLOK SUCCEEDED, WELL, WHO CAN SAY? SHALL WE SIMPLY CALL HIS WORKS, MADNESS?"



YES! YES!  
MORE FIRE!  
COME TO LIFE!  
LIVE! DRAH!  
YOUR LIFE!

"AT BEST WE CAN ONLY SAY, HIS WORK WAS DANGEROUS!"



OH MY GOD!  
AN OVERLOAD!  
AGHHHH!

"WE KNOW FOR A FACT THAT THERE WAS A VIOLENT EXPLOSION IN BERYLOK'S MANSION LATE IN 1952 THAT HE SURVIVED WAS A MINOR MIRACLE..."

"WHATEVER ELSE EMERGED FROM THAT ALCHEMICAL HELL, WE SHALL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW!"



I CHOKED!  
I'VE DONE IT!  
I... I'VE CREATED  
LIFE!



THEY...  
THEY'RE  
LITTLE MORE  
THAN SEEDS  
BUT THEY...  
THEY'RE  
PULSING  
WITH LIFE!  
THEY'RE  
ALIVE!



AND NOW MY CREATIONS  
WILL BECOME AN EXTENSION  
OF MY OWN BRAIN...!



IT'S DANGEROUS...  
SUICIDAL!  
BUT I MUST TRAP  
MY VERY BRAIN-  
CELLS... LET THE  
ESSENCE OF  
WHAT I AM... MY  
MIND... MY SOUL...  
UNITE WITH THE  
HOMUNCULI  
SEEDS...

...AND  
BECOME  
AN EXTEN-  
SION... OF  
ME! UHHH!

MY SOURCES GO ON TO SAY THAT ARTHUR BERYLOX, WHILE SECRETLY CONDUCTING HIS UNKNOWN EXPERIMENTS, OPENED HIS DOORS TO THE GREATEST AND GRANDDEST CELEBRITIES OF THE ERA! EVEN EUROPEAN ROYALTY WAS SAID TO HAVE GUESTED IN HIS LUXURIANT, ISOLATED PALACE!"



"FOR YEARS THE HOUSE WAS RAMPANT WITH DRUNKEN REVELRIES! THEN, THE MORE CARNAL PLEASURES BEGAN TO BE OPENLY PURSUED!"



"ORGIES OF HORRORIFIC PROPORTIONS ENSUED, AND EVEN BLOOD-LETTING BECAME COMMON PLACE, SATIATING THE GROWING, EVIL Lusts WITHIN THE HOUSE!"



"BUT THEN, SOMETHING APPARENT WITHIN THE HOUSE! THERE WAS A LOOSING OF GREAT EVIL...AND CARNAGE UNRIVALED IN CIVILIZED HISTORY! ALL WITHIN THE HOUSE PERISHED."

"ALL THAT IS, EXCEPT BERYLOX HIMSELF..."



"NO ONE KNOWS WHAT APPARENT THAT EVIL NIGHT! THOUGH THERE WAS BLOOD AND GORE IN EVERY ROOM OF THE GREAT HOUSE, NO BODIES WERE EVER FOUND... AND BERYLOX, BECAUSE OF HIS WEALTH AND POWER, WAS NEVER CHARGED WITH ANY CRIME!"

"I PERSONALLY BELIEVE, HOWEVER, THAT BERYLOX ONCE LEARNED SOMETHING WHICH HE THOUGHT HE COULD CONTROL! THAT SOMETHING TURNED ON HIM...AND THE MAN WAS NEVER AGAIN THE SAME!"



"WHEN THE PUBLICITY DIED, BERYLOX ORDERED A STONE PYRAMID BUILT...BEHIND HIS MANSION. AND WHEN BERYLOX HIMSELF DIED, IT'S SAID, HIS SECRETS WERE BURIED INSIDE THE PYRAMID!"



"THE PYRAMID NOW LIES THIRTY FEET UNDER WATER."

"UPON HIS DEATH, FOR NO EXPLICABLE REASON, THE RIVER CHANGED COURSE AND SUBMERGED THE HOUSE AND THE PYRAMID!"

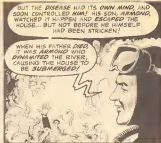


"WHAT DO YOU THINK IS IN THE PYRAMID?"

"PERHAPS NOTHING, BUT WHAT IF YOU FIND SOMETHING THAT COULD DO TO MAKING WHAT IT DID TO BERYLOX?"

"THAT'S NOT SOMETHING I WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR, MR. STEPHANKI! I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A LOOK DOWN THERE NOW!"





LATER THAT WEEK, JACK KENT RE-  
TURNED TO WORK WEARING AN  
EYEPATCH, DUE, EVIDENTLY TO  
SLIGHT MYOPIA IMPAIRMENT! HE  
COULD NOT, HOWEVER, EXPLAIN THE  
STENCH THAT HOVERED ABOUT HIM!  
AND, IN THREE WEEKS, HE DISAP-  
PEARED, FOREVER!



WHEN THE WATERS RECESSED  
AND THE HOUSE OF BERYLOK  
WAS REDISCOVERED, IT WAS  
DESIGNED BY ANTIQUE AND  
SALVAGE DEALERS!





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IN 1878, WOLVES HAD NOT BEEN SEEN ON THE McBRIDE RANCH FOR MORE THAN SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS.

THEREFORE, MOST OF BOB McBRIDE'S McBRIDES THOUGHT THAT HE WAS MAKING THINGS UP WHEN HE SAID THAT WOLVES WERE SLAUGHTERING HIS SHEEP!



BUT BOB HIMSELF KNEW DIFFERENTLY...! AND WHEN, AFTER A MONTH OF HUNTING FOR THE DAMNED THINGS, HE CAME UP EMPTY-HANDED, HE TURNED TO THE BOTTLE TO HELP RELIEVE SOME OF HIS FRUSTRATIONS...!

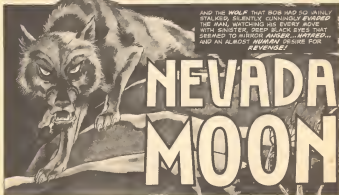
PLEASE BOB!  
YOU PROMISED YOU'D  
STOP DRINKING...



DAMNIT, WOMAN!  
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU  
NEVER TELL ME WHAT  
TO DO!



AND THE WOLF THAT BOB HAD SO VAINLY STALKED, SILENTLY, CUNNINGLY EVASIED THE MAN, WATCHING HIS EVERY MOVE WITH SINISTER, DEEP BLACK EYES THAT SEEMED TO MIRROR ANGER... HATRED... AND AN ALMOST HUMAN DESIRE FOR REVENGE!



# NEVADA MOON





LISTEN, MCBRIDE.  
JOE CLAIMS HE **SHOT**  
AT THE THING! IT WAS  
A **WOLF**, JUST LIKE YOU  
FIGURED! IT JUST  
LOOKED AT HIM,  
THEN CALM AS YOU  
PLEASE, **WALKED**  
**AWAY...**!

THEY SAY IT'S  
A **WEREWOLF**, BOB!  
THEY SAY IT'S GOING  
TO **KEEP** KILLING  
'TIL WE **GET** IT!



EXCUSE ME, SIR!  
I'VE PUT MRS. MCBRIDE  
TO BED, WILL THERE BE  
ANYTHING **ELSE**?

NO. THAT'LL  
BE **ALL**, PETER.



THAT  
GERMAN'S  
A **RUDE**  
ONE, MCBRIDE!

HE'S  
A **GOOD**  
SERVANT,  
SIRIAS!



NOW, WHAT WERE  
YOU SAYING ABOUT  
A **WEREWOLF**...

**SNEER** IF  
YOU **WANT**! BUT  
WE'VE GOT TO FIND  
THAT CREATURE  
AND **KILL** IT...IF  
WE **CAN**!



INDEED WE ARE,  
SIRIAS! IT'S WHAT I'VE  
BEEN TRYING TO **TELL**  
YOU PEOPLE TO DO  
**ALL** ALONG!

THAT NIGHT, OTHER  
RANCHERS FROM THE  
AREA, COMBED THE  
HILLS...THE WOODS...  
ANY PLACE WHERE  
A WOLF HAD BEEN  
KNOWN TO HIDE!

YOU MEN,  
SPREAD OUT! I  
WANT THAT THING  
DEAD!

WE'LL GET  
THAT WOLF  
TONIGHT! IT'S  
NOT GOING TO  
RIP UP ANY  
MORE OF MY  
SHEEP!

BUT WHAT  
IF SIMMS IS  
RIGHT? WHAT  
IF IT IS A WERE-  
WOLF? NOBODY  
CAN STOP A  
WEREWOLF  
WITH A SHOT-  
GUN!

IT'D KILL--!  
EH!

WHO'S  
THERE!?

NOTHING! MY  
NERVES ARE GET-  
TING TO ME...

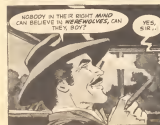
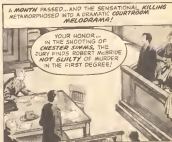
IF ONLY SIMMS  
HADN'T BROUGHT UP  
THIS NONSENSE ABOUT  
WEREWOLVES! I'M  
AN INTELLIGENT  
MAN, I KNOW  
THERE'S NO SUCH  
THING!

SNIKK!

WHAT?

OH MY  
GOD!

BLAM!  
BLAM!  
BLAM!









I'M THE KIND OF WOMAN TO WHOM WEDDING VOWS MEAN A GREAT DEAL!



THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO MAKE A PROMISE TO YOU, TOO, PETER!

...AN ETERNAL PLEDGE...!

W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND YOU POOR, SWEET BOY?



I'M GIVING YOU... A HATE!



HUSH NOW! THE FULL MOON IS RISING!

IT HAS BEEN SEVERAL YEARS SINCE BIG BOB McBRIDE'S TRAGIC "ACCIDENT!" THOUGH PARALYZED FOR LIFE, BOB SEEMS TO BE A HAPPY MAN... WITH AN ATTENTIVE, LOVING WIFE... AND A LOYAL YOUNG SERGENT!

WOLVES ARE SOMETIMES SEEN ON THE McBRIDE SPREAD IN NORTHERN NEVADA! SOME PEOPLE HAVE EVEN MADE UP AN INDIAN LOVE STORY TO EXPLAIN THEIR PRESENCE! IT'S A TALE REPLETE WITH CURSES, LUST AND REVENGE!

NO ONE BELIEVES THE STORY, OF COURSE! BUT ON THE McBRIDE SPREAD, IT IS ABSOLUTELY FOR-SURE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY... TO KILL A WOLF...!



END



# ...AND GUS CREATED WOMAN!

GUS WAS A *SMALL* MAN, STOOP-SHOULDERED, BALDING, WITH *MUSSEY* LITTLE EYES AND *MUSSEY* LITTLE HANDS AND A *MUSSEY* WAY OF SKITTERING ABOUT UNNOTICED BY THE REST OF THE WORLD.

HIS JOB WAS REPAIRING *COMPUTER CIRCUITS* AT AN ELECTRONICS PLANT. IT WAS *BORING* WORK AND GUS HATED IT BECAUSE HE KNEW HE WAS CAPABLE OF FAR *BETTER* THINGS. THE PROBLEM WAS, NOBODY *ELSE* KNEW IT!

HE AWOKE EVERY MORNING AT *SEVEN*, WALKED THE EIGHT BLOCKS TO WORK...WORKED...WALKED *BACK* TO THE APARTMENT AND SPENT HIS EVENINGS BATTLING THE *ENDLESS* PROBLEM OF WHAT TO DO WITH THE *REST* OF THE NIGHT!



ON ONE PARTICULAR EVENING, TRAVERSING HIS *USUAL* ROUTE, HIS ATTENTION WAS ARRESTED BY SOMETHING HANGING IN THE WINDOW OF A WEATHER-BEATEN *NOVELTY SHOP*!



THOUGH GUS KNEW SHE WAS ONLY A PLASTIC MANNEQUIN, HE WANTED HER! HE HAD FIFTY-THREE DOLLARS IN HIS WALLET... HE WOULD EAT CANDY BAR LUNCHES FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK!



ONCE HOME, HIS FIRST THOUGHT ON UNWRAPPING HIS PRIZE WAS THAT SHE HAD LOOKED MUCH BETTER HANGING IN THE WINDOW OF THE NOVELTY SHOP!



THERE WAS A SMALL GREEN BUTT-TON ABOVE HER BREAST THAT GUS HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE! HE PUSHED IT, AND THE DOLL LIFTED HER ARMS IN A STIFF, JOINTED IMITATION OF AN EMBRACE!

GUS LAUGHED. IT WASN'T A PARTICULARLY MIRTHFUL LAUGH, BUT HE HADN'T LAUGHED AT ALL IN THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS! HE TOOK THE DOLL'S HAND...



HE WENT TO THE REFRIGERATOR AND POURED HIMSELF A GLASS OF ALE. THEN, HE SAT AND WATCHED THE DOLL!



THE DOLL, OF COURSE, SAID NOTHING!

HE TURNED ON THE TELEVISION, ALTERNATELY STARING AT IT... AND HIS NEW PLASTIC TOY. AFTER AWHILE HIS EYES SLOWLY CLOSED, AND GUS DROFTED OFF TO SLEEP. THE DOLL'S EYES DIDN'T CLOSE ALL NIGHT!



THE GOLL WAS WAITING FOR HIM THE NEXT EVENING WHEN HE ARRIVED HOME FROM WORK. GUS THREW OFF HIS JACKET AND STARED AT THE SIGHTLESS CHINA EYES...!



HE OPENED HIS BOX OF WATER COLOR PAINTS AND DABBED AT THEM WITH HIS BRUSH.



GUS STUDIED ONE OF THE RIGID ARMS...



HE LAID THE ARM ON THE KITCHEN TABLE, RUMMAGED THROUGH HIS TOOL BOX AND BEGAN POKING AND FIDDLING.



IN AN HOUR HE HAD THE ARM OILED AND LUBRICATED, REWIRED AND RE-JOINTED! IT OPERATED WITH A SMOOTH, DELICATE EFFICIENCY!

GUS TOOK OFF THE OTHER ARM, AND PAID IT SIMILAR SERVICE!



GUS STOOD BACK TO APPRAISE HIS WORK FOR A MOMENT THEN BEGAN TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE LITTLE GREEN BUTTON!

IT DOESN'T BELONG THERE... IT SHOULD BE OUT OF SIGHT WHERE NO ONE WILL NOTICE IT!



BUT HE FOUND THAT IN ORDER TO RELOCATE THE BUTTON, HE HAD TO GET INSIDE THE DOLL... AND ONCE INSIDE, HE FOUND ALL KINDS OF NEW POSSIBILITIES!

WHAT'S ALL THIS? MOTORS, WIRING, CIRCUITRY... I NEVER SUSPECTED!



GUS PUT ON THE KETTLE FOR TEA, ROLLED UP HIS SLEEVES AND SET TO WORK!



HE REMEMBERED TO SHUT OFF THE KETTLE WHEN IT WHISTLED, BUT HE FORGOT ABOUT REMOVING THE TEA! HE FELL ASLEEP ON THE ADD AND A LATE AFTERNOON OF WIRES, CIRCUITS, TUBES AND LEVERS!



HE WAS SLEEPY THE NEXT DAY ON THE JOB! BUT AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED DESPITE HIS SLUGGISHNESS! GUS INVENTED A NEW ELECTRONIC BYPASS FOR MICROCHIP CIRCUITRY!



HE SHOWED THE PROCESS TO HIS BOSS. HIS BOSS WAS IMPRESSED!

STILL, THE HOURS CRAWLED BY! GUS THOUGHT FIVE O'CLOCK WOULD NEVER COME! HE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO HIS NEW JOB!



HE HAD AN *IDEA* HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO *TRY*! AN IDEA ON HOW TO MAKE HIS PLAYMATE...*WALK*!



I DID IT!  
SHE'S MOVING!

HE MOVED THE GREEN BUTTON TO A SPOT JUST BEHIND HER EAR, WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN BY THE SILKY BROWN HAIR HE'D BOUGHT.



BUT NOW SHE LOOKED *BETTER* WITH THAT *HAIR* IN HER CHEST! SO GUS BOUGHT A FEW POUNDS OF PLIABLE *PLASTIC* AND BEGAN SCULPTING A *NEW* UPPER *Torso* FOR HER! GUS HAD ALWAYS BEEN GOOD AT SCULPTING!



WHILE HE WAS AT IT HE DECIDED HER *FACE* COULD BE IMPROVED UPON TOO...!



GUS WORKED FOR THREE MONTHS *SOLID*! HE EVEN EXPERIMENTED WITH NEW *SOFT* TEXTURED *RUBBER* TO GIVE HER SKIN A *PLUMP*, SUPPLE QUALITY.



WHEN THE BODY PARTS HAD BEEN CAST AND REASSEMBLED SHE WAS FINISHED...

...ALMOST!

SHE NEEDS MORE...  
*INTELLIGENCE*!







THERE WAS A NOTICEABLE  
CHANGE IN OUR FORTUNES...

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT,  
DOLLY? THIS IS OUR NEW  
HOME. A VICE-PRESIDENT  
CAN HARDLY BE SEEN  
LIVING IN A GHETTO,  
YOU KNOW!

DELICIOUS! JUST  
DELICIOUS! I THINK  
YOU'RE ACTUALLY IMPROV-  
ING AS A COOK! MUST BE  
THAT NEW COMPUTER  
CHIP I INSTALLED IN  
YOU!

...AND AN EVEN MORE  
RADICAL CHANGE IN  
HIS PERSONALITY!

MISS TEMPLETON!  
THIS IS GL--! ER--  
MR. WEATELY! I'M  
AFRAID I'M GOING  
TO NEED YOU TO-  
NIGHT! DO YOU  
MIND COMING TO  
MY HOME?

WHY, MR.  
WEATELY...NOT  
AT ALL!

VERY NICE...  
VERY NICE, MISS  
TEMPLETON! CAN  
I OFFER YOU A  
NIGHTCAP BE-  
FORE YOU GO?

MR. WEATELY, WE'RE  
BOTH MATURE ADULTS! WE'VE  
BEEN AROUND! AND WE BOTH  
KNOW THERE'S ONLY ONE  
THING I WANT BEFORE  
I GO...

...YOU!

OH... M-MISS  
TEMPLETON...

OH...  
GUS...





YES...GUS' LIFE WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME!



BUT IT JUST WASN'T IN  
GUS' MEN NATURE TO  
CATER TO OTHER  
PEOPLE'S  
DEMANDS!

FOR ME? OH,  
GUS?

C'MON, YOU  
CAN TAKE ME FOR  
A SPIN!

AND THAT WAS ONLY  
THE LEAST OF HIS  
TROUBLES...

BUT... BUT LONG...  
MY CHECK COULDN'T  
BOUNCE! THEY JUST  
CAN'T REPOSSESS  
YOUR CAR!

YOU HEARD ME! I SAID  
FIRED! YOU HAVEN'T DONE  
SQUAT IN MONTHS! YOU'RE BE-  
GINNING TO COST THIS COMPANY  
MONEY INSTEAD OF MAKING  
IT! GET OUT!



B-BUT BABY...  
YOU CAN'T JUST  
WALK OUT ON ME  
LIKE THIS!

I CAN'T HUH?  
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER  
TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT  
YOUR CHECKING ACCOUNT!

IT'S  
GONE...  
AND SO  
AM I!

WAIT! I CAN  
EXPLAIN!

MAYBE YOU CAN  
EXPLAIN TWO TOO!  
I'M FROM THE TRUST  
COMPANY; OUR RECORDS  
SHOW YOU HAVEN'T MADE  
A HOUSE PAYMENTS  
IN MONTHS!



YEAH SURE, GUS...  
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OLD  
PLACE BACK! THERE'LL  
BE A RENT INCREASE OF  
COURSE... AND I EXPECT  
PAYMENT TO BE ON  
TIME!

Y-YES... OF  
COURSE!

GONE!  
EVERYTHING  
GOOD IN MY  
LIFE... IS  
GONE!



EVERY-  
THING  
EXCEPT...  
YOU!



GUS REACHED UP AND PRESSED THE LITTLE GREEN BUTTON BEHIND HER EAR. NOTHING HAPPENED! THE CHINA EYES HE'D PAINTED SO CAREFULLY REMAINED UNBLINKING. HIS CREATION WAS SILENT!

YOU'RE RUSTED... ATROPHIED FROM DIS-USE!

BUT THE LONGER HE WORKED THE MORE CONFUSED HE BECAME. MOVING SEEMED TO FYE THE WHEELS AND GEARS AND CIRCUITS LOOKED UNFAMILIAR! THE DAYS OF WINE, WOMEN AND SONG HAD TAKEN THEIR TOLL!

I...I'VE LOST MY TOUCH.

A STIFF OCTOBER WIND ASSAILED HIS FLIMSY JACKET AS GUS REACHED THE HIGH IRON BRIDGE LOOMING OVER THE CITY'S MAIN RIVER! HE COULDN'T STAND TO THINK OF HER LIKE THIS! BETTER TO END IT... FOREVER!

HE LAID HER GENTLY ON THE KITCHEN TABLE. HE SEARCHED HIS TOOL BOX AND FOUND THE NECESSARY INSTRUMENTS. THEN HE ROLLED UP HIS SLEEVES AND WENT TO WORK.

HE STARED DOWN HOPELESSLY AT THE TANGLED, DISJOINTED MESS. THE CHINA EYES STARED BACK AT HIM HELPLESSLY. FINALLY, HE BOWED HIS HEAD IN DEFEAT AND LOADED THE PARTS INTO A SPARKING CASE!

HE HURRIED HOME THROUGH THE MOANING WIND, ITS LONELY GUSTS SOUNDING LIKE HIS GENTLE POLLY'S.

SLEEP WOULDN'T COME! HE HAD NO JOB TO GO TO! NO WOMAN TO TALK TO! NO MECHANICAL DOLL TO WALK IN THE PARK WITH!

ABRUPTLY, HE JUMPED FROM THE BED AND THREW ON HIS JACKET!



HE FOUND THE CRATE WEDGED BETWEEN TWO ROCKS, ABOUT HALF A MILE DOWN THE RIVER! WHIST! WAS JUST BEGINNING TO SEEP INTO THE PARTS! HE DRAGGED IT ASHORE CAREFULLY!



BY THE TIME HE REACHED HIS APARTMENT, IT HAD BEGUN TO SNOW. HE WAS COUGHING... BADLY! AND HIS LEGS FELT NUMB FROM THE FREEZING WATER!



HE WORKED ALL NIGHT! SOMETIME AROUND FOUR IN THE MORNING IT ALL SEEMED TO COME TOGETHER! HE PUT HER BACK AGAIN EVEN BETTER THAN BEFORE. HIS MIND WAS RACING, HIS FINGERS WORKED MAGIC! AND SUDDENLY HE WAS SEIZED WITH AN INSPIRATION!

COUGH!! COUGH!!



HIS BODY BURNING WITH FEVER, GUS FASHIONED AN INTRICATE SELF-LUBRICATING, SELF-DUSTING MECHANISM IN THE DOLL SO SHE WOULD NEVER RUST AGAIN! SHE WOULD STAY BEAUTIFUL FOREVER!

FINISHED AT LAST, HE REFINISHED FOR THE LITTLE GREEN BUTTON...!



ACHING ARM, HE WOULDN'T GET ONE MORE TWO. HE SANK BACK IN THE CHAIR AND CLOSED HIS EYES...!

I'LL REST FOR JUST A MOMENT AND THEN I'LL BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE...COUGH!! COUGH!!

WE'LL GO TO THE PARK AND MUSEUM... LIKE BEFORE...COUGH!!



THEY FOUND GUS THE NEXT MORNING! THE HEAT HAD GONE OFF IN THE TENEMENT JUST BEFORE DAWN. HE WAS STIFF AND BLUE AND LOOKED LIKE HE WAS ASLEEP! THE LANDLORD CALLED THE POLICE WHO CALLED THE CITY MUSEUM BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THE DOLL WAS A SPYDOLL!



THE DOLL STOOD SILENTLY IN THE MUSEUM FOR YEARS! NO ONE EVER DISCOVERED THE LITTLE GREEN BUTTON HIDDEN BEHIND THE EAR! NO ONE PAID THE DOLL MUCH NOTICE EXCEPT THE MUSEUM GUARD, WHO LOVED IT BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY PIECE OF ART IN THE ENTIRE BUILDING THAT NEVER NEEDED DUSTING...!



end

WORLD FAMOUS SPACESHIPS

# MODEL KITS

SPACESHIPS WITH DISPLAY BASES & DECALS

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## THE BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

The Battlestar Galactica, the flag ship of the fleet, the last flying fortress of mankind fleeing the Cylon tyranny, is reproduced in minute & lasting detail in this gigantic 21 1/4" model. This easy to assemble kit comes with a display base and decals. This Battlestar is the computer created creation of John Dykane of Star Wars fame! A super addition to any collection! #042351 \$7.95

## GALACTICA KITS

CYLON RAIDERS AND COLONIAL VIPERS

They're Out of this World  
Easy to Assemble

## CYLON RAIDER

Cylon raider model kit from the hit movie Battlestar Galactica! This easy to assemble model kit comes with display base, decals, is 11" long, has ray guns, solar energy panels, access hatches, antennas and working missile launchers for action-packed adventures! The T.V. series that has the nation agog with the use of advanced special attacks on the streets is brought home to you in these amazingly detailed kits! Now you can follow the adventures of Adama, Starbuck and all the rest as they lead all the Cylon's in movie like spaceship. PARENTAL SUPERVISION REQUIRED #0421004.50



## COLONIAL VIPER

Viper Sting Ship from the Colonial Fleet of the Battlestar Galactica. This easy to assemble model kit comes with display base, decals, complex stabilizers, a control center, rocket jet ports, working missile launchers and is 11" long! John Dykane, the special effects wizard of Star Wars, has struck again with this beautifully detailed death dealing deathstalker! Fast, fleet, powerful, and packed with all the destructive weapons that super science can think of, the Viper Sting ship is the last hope of humanity as the Cylons flee the destruction of their home planets and the dreaded Cylon's. Create your own action-packed adventures with these models! PARENTAL SUPERVISION REQUIRED #042004.50

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

ONCE THE VALLEY WAS A BOILING  
TRIBUTARY OF BLOOD IN THE  
RIVER OF DEATH THAT RAN TO  
HELL!

NOW IT IS BUT AN Icy TOMB OF  
MEMORIES IN A CEMETERY OF  
FORGETFULNESS!

BE  
STRONG,  
MARIA!

SHOULD  
I NOT FEAR  
GHOSTS,  
JOSEPH?

CRACK!!!

IT HAD BEEN OVER  
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS  
SINCE THEY HAD  
LAST LOOKED UPON  
THIS ABYSMAL LAND-  
SCAPE. IT HAD BAGED  
WITH ARLE'S FURIOUS  
FIRES THEN! IT LAY  
DEAD AND WITHERED  
NOW!

THE CAMP HAD BEEN  
A DEATHCAMP. THE  
BLOOD WHICH HAD  
BEEN SPILLED HERE  
DAMNED THE EARTH!  
YET, THREE DECADES  
LATER TWO RE-  
TURNED TO  
HONOR THE LIFE  
THEY HAD  
CREATED  
HERE...

THERE ARE NO  
GHOSTS, MY LOVE! WE  
ARE THE ONLY  
ONES HERE!

NO, JOSEPH!  
THIS PLACE IS NOT  
EMPTY!

...AND TO BURY THE  
HORROR THEIR UNION  
HAD BIRTHED!

HE IS  
STILL HERE!  
CAN YOU NOT  
FEEL HIM?

I FEEL... MANY  
THINGS IN THIS PLACE!  
COME, MARIA! IF HE IS  
HERE, WE WILL FIND  
HIM!

THIS ABOM! THIS  
IS WHERE THEY TOOK  
OUR FRIEND, SCHOLLY!  
DO YOU REMEMBER?

SCHOLLY!  
THE STORY!  
TELLER! HE  
WAS BRAVE!

THEY DIS-  
SECTED HIM WHILE  
HE WAS STILL LIVING!  
SCHOLLY HEARD HIS  
OWN BLOOD FILL  
THE DEATH  
BUCKETS!

THEY CALLED IT AN  
EXPERIMENT... REMOVING  
ONE MUSCLE AT A TIME,  
UNTIL...

I CANNOT THINK OF  
SCHOLLY THAT WAY!

IT IS NOT HOW  
HE WOULD HAVE  
WANTED US TO  
REMEMBER  
HIM!

# RAGGED MAN











BUT IF ONE MAN IS NOT CHOSEN, I WILL EXTERMINATE EVERY JEW IN THIS CAMP... TOMORROW! HAHHAHAHA!

THE GURRY HE KNEW IT IS AGAINST OUR FAITH TO ALLOW A MAN TO DIE! THE RAMBI COULD NOT CHOOSE WITHOUT DENYING HIS OWN FAITH!

HE AGAIN HAD OPENED THE WAY FOR MORE BLOOD-SHED... WHILE PLACING THE BLAME FOR THAT BLOOD SHED ON THE RABBI'S CONSCIENCE!



WE DID THEN WHAT WE FELT WE HAD TO DO, MY LOVE.

THERE WAS NEVER A MORE DESPERATE MOMENT IN OUR LIVES! WE HAD TO ESCAPE FROM THAT DEATHCAMP WITH THE CHILDREN... SO THEY WOULD BE SAVED FROM THE COMING SLAUGHTER!



THE RABBI HELD THE GUARD'S ATTENTION WHILE WE SPURTED THE CHILDREN TOWARD THE FENCES!

RUN, CHILDREN! NOT A SOUND!

WAIT! WE CANNOT GO! THE RABBI MAN IS COMING FOR US!

SAHHN! DAVID! NO!

THAT IS WHEN IT ALL FELL APART! AND WHO KNOWS? THE LITTLE BOY DAVID...



IN HIS INFINITE CHILD'S WISDOM, PERHAPS HE KNEW!

IT'S A TRICK! THEY ARE ESCAPING! KILL THEM! KILL THEM ALL!

JOSEPH! RUN! SAVE THE CHILDREN! UGHHH!

MARIA! NOOOO!

BOOM! BOOM!

AND THE REST... THE REST OF WHAT HAPPENED UPON THAT MAGICAL NIGHT... WE CAN ONLY SPECULATE UPON!

WHAT DID SCHOLLY'S STORY SAY? THE RABBI MAN WILL COME UPON A MAGIC NIGHT... BEARING THE GIFT OF SALVATION FOR ALL!!!



IT WAS A MAGIC NIGHT... WHEN DISCARDED WASTES IN THE HELL PIT BEGAN TO FERMENT! WHEN THE MYSTICALLY ACTIVE INGREDIENTS OF LIFE, NOURISHED BY THE BLOOD AND JUICES WITHIN THE PIT MINGLED WITH MY REPRODUCTIVE CELLS AND THOSE OF MY LOVER... AND AT LAST CONSUMMATED AND FORMED SOME THING NEVER BORN OF WOMAN!

THAT... THAT IS WHEN I COULD TAKE NO MORE!

I... I VOLUNTEER! EXCELLENT!



WE WERE MOMENTS FROM DEATH. THE MADMAN WAS ABOUT TO SLAY US AND THE CHILDREN AS WELL!



YOUR PLOT TO SAVE THE CHILDREN HAS FAILED! AND I STILL NEED A VOLUNTEER... OR THEY WILL ALL DIE WHERE THEY STAND!



HE WILL DIE UPON THE CROSS! WHEN YOU HEAR HIM SCREAM, GUARD, SHOOT HIS WOMAN!



EVERY JEW IN OUR PRIVATE CORNER OF HELL HELD HIS BREATH WAITING!

I DID NOT SCREAM! THE ONLY THING ANYONE HEARD WAS A STRANGE, SUCKING SOUND, A WET, SLIDING, SHUFFLING THUMP!

WHAT IS LOSS?

WHEN THE GUARD TURNED, THE TERRIBLE CREATURE, DRIPPING PULP AND GORE, WAS UPON HIM!



IT WAS A SIGHT I SHALL NEVER FORGET! WE BOTH KNEW WHO HAD COME THAT NIGHT, TO DELIVER US FROM OUR TORMENT! SCHOLLY HAD TOLD US IT WAS A TRULY MAGICAL NIGHT!



BY DAWN, EVERY GUARD IN CAMP HAD BEEN MUTILATED! THERE WERE POOLS OF SLIME AROUND EACH BODY, THE SLIME LED HERE! BUT WE WERE TOO AFRAID TO PUT HIM TO REST THEN! WE SIMPLY FLED!

BUT, NOW, WE KNOW! HE WAS OUR ONLY CHILD! AND NOW WE HAVE RETURNED TO TELL HIM OF OUR LOVE!



REST NOW, MY SON!



WE HAVE MADE OUR PEACE, JOSEPH. NOW LET US HOPE HE FINDS HIS!

end

THERE'S A **WIND** RUSTLING ABOUT OUTSIDE. SKITTERING THROUGH THE UNDRESSED TREES ON A THOUSAND ANIMAL LEGS, KICKING UP THE DRIED, CRUNCHY AUTUMN LEAVES AND FLINDING THEM AGAINST THE WINDOWS.

I LISTEN TO THE WIND FROM THE DOWNER OF MY ATTIC BEDROOM AND PRAY THAT **TODAY** WILL NOT GATHER THEM UP AND CHANGE THEM INTO A FIERCE **MONSTER** ONCE AGAIN! SOMETIMES **TOOKIE** DOESN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHAT I **NEED** AND WHAT I **FEAR**!



# DREAMER!

I'M **LUCKY** THIS TIME! THERE IS NO **MONSTER** WHICH COMES SCRAPING AT THE EAVES! THERE IS ONLY THE NERVE-JOLTING SOUND OF THE **WIND** BATTLING THE **SHUTTERS!** AND THE **SILENCE** OF **TOOKIE** HIMSELF, STARING INTO THE DARKNESS OF MY ROOM.



I TRY TO **EXPLAIN** TO **TOOKIE** THAT WHAT I **NEED** IS A NICE COOL GLASS OF MILK AND A PLATE OF TOLL HOUSE COOKIES... **WARM AND SOFT,** RIGHT FROM THE **OVEN!** **TOOKIE** **UNDERSTANDS** THAT... AND THE COOKIES APPEAR, AS IF BY **MAGIC!**



OF COURSE, THE MILK IS WARM AND HAS BEGUN TO CURDLE! AND THE COOKIES ARE STALE AND BRITTLE! BUT I EAT THEM ANYWAY... SO AS NOT TO OFFEND TOOKIE!



AS ALWAYS, THE HOOTING OF A HUNTER OWL, SIGNALS THAT IT'S MY BEDTIME! I SAY THE SAME PRAYER I ALWAYS SAY, BUT I KNOW TOOKIE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.



I DREAM WHAT I THINK IS A **SAFE** DREAM! I RECALL THE **LITTLE VILLAGE** I HAD SEEN FROM THE SKY WHEN MOMMY, DADDY AND I HAD FIRST FLOWN TO **MAINE!**

I WAS SO **SMALL** THEN! I ACTUALLY BELIEVED THE VILLAGE WAS A **TOY**, AND I WONDERED HOW WE WOULD EVER BE ABLE TO **LIVE** THERE.



BUT THE WINDOW IS NOT OPEN! TOOKIE HAS DONE IT TO ME **AGAIN!** HE HAS TRANSFORMED MY **DREAM** INTO **REALITY!** WE... WE'RE FLYING OVER A QUIET VILLAGE IN **MAINE!**





I...I LIVED THROUGH THE EXPLOSION, THE FLYING GLASS FRAGMENTS, THE CRUNCHING, SCREAMING METAL COLLISION ONCE...? I...I SAW EVERY TERRIBLE DETAIL WHEN IT WAS HAPPENING TO ME...



I...I DIDN'T NEED OR WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN! BUT...BUT LOOKS LIKE WE! HE MISTOOK MY THOUGHTS FOR...A WISH!



IT'S SO HARD TO CONTROL MY THOUGHTS! MOMMY CALLED HER BRAVE LITTLE PRINCE!



BUT MY VISIT IS A **SHORT** ONE, A MOMENT  
LATER I HEAR THE CHIRPING OF **SWARROWS**  
AND SMELL THE **MUSTINESS** OF MY ROOM!



**TOOKIE** HAD BROUGHT ME HOME AGAIN!  
AND **MISS CURTAIN**, UNSMILING AND SILENT,  
AS ALWAYS, IS BRINGING ME MY **BREAKFAST**!



GOOD MORNING, **MISS CURTAIN**. **UMM!** THAT SMELLS  
**GOOD!**

YOU MUST **WORK** ON HER  
AGAIN, **TOOKIE**, AND MAKE HER LOOK  
MORE LIKE **MOMMY!** YOU **NEVER**  
SEEM TO DO THINGS QUITE THE  
WAY THEY **SHOULD** BE, ANYMORE!



I **LINGER** OVER **BREAKFAST**, PUTTING OFF UNTIL  
THE VERY LAST MOMENT MY DREADED JOURNEY  
THROUGH THE HOUSE! **ROSCO** HAS TO BE **FEED**, AND  
**MISS CURTAIN** ALWAYS PUT **HIS** FOOD IN THE  
**SILVER SERVER!**



I'M **FINISHED**, **TOOKIE**.  
PLEASE HAVE **MISS CURTAIN**  
TAKE **ROSCO'S** MEAL TO HIM.  
**PLEASE**, **TOOKIE!** DON'T  
MAKE ME GO!

BUT I **HAVE** TO GO, FOR SOME REASON,  
IT'S THE ONE THING I MUST DO MYSELF!



I WON'T THINK **BAD**  
THOUGHTS. I'M **NOT** AFRAID  
OF THE HOUSE. **NOTHING** IS  
GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME!

IT...  
IT WON'T!

BUT IT DOES! AGAIN!  
AND AGAIN! EVERY  
TIME I WALK DOWN  
THIS DARK HALLWAY TO  
FEED ROSCOE...THE  
SHADOWS, THE VERY  
WALLS...COME ALIVE!



T-TOOKIE...  
D-DON'T DO THIS  
PLEASE...

BUT IT'S NO  
USE, TOOKIE  
CAN'T HELP  
IT! HE PICKED  
UP MY THOUGHTS...  
MY FEARS...AND  
MAKES THEM  
REAL. I FEEL  
THE ICY COLD  
AS THE SHADOWY  
BEASTS ABSORB  
THE ENERGY FROM  
THE VERY AIR, TO  
GIVE THEMSELVES  
FORM...SUBSTANCE!



THE SHADOW MONSTERS SEARCH GROPE  
FOR ME, BLINDLY! THEY...THEY LUNGE  
FROM EVERY CORNER, EVERY DARK ALCOVE  
OF THE HOUSE. BUT STILL I CAN  
OUTRUN THEM... IF ONLY THE STAIRS...THE  
STAIRS THEMSELVES DON'T TRANSFORM  
INTO HIPOGUS MONSTERS...



NOOOOO!



TOOKIE!



MY GOODNESS  
THAT WAS QUITE A  
FALL! ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?





WHAT A  
STRONG LITTLE  
SOLDIER YOU  
ARE! AFTER THAT  
TERRIBLE FUM-  
BLE YOU DIDN'T  
EVEN CRY!

SAY...WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE, ANY  
WAY?

I... I LIVE  
HERE! I'VE BEEN  
LIVING HERE FOR  
YEARS NOW.



ALONE? WITH NO ONE  
TO TAKE CARE OF YOU? NO  
ONE TO BRING YOU FOOD OR  
COOK YOUR MEALS FOR  
YOU?

TOOKIE  
TAKES CARE  
OF ME. HE  
KNOWS WHAT  
I NEED AND  
PROVIDES IT FOR  
ME. OF COURSE  
SOMETIMES HE  
DOESN'T WORK  
AS GOOD AS  
HE SHOULD!

I THINK YOU'RE  
TELLING ME A LIE!  
GOOD BOYS DON'T  
TELL LIES, YOU  
KNOW.



LET ME SEE  
TOOKIE.



NO! I NEED TOOKIE.  
HE DOES TAKE CARE OF  
ME! I'D DIE WITHOUT  
HIM.



YOU POOR  
LITTLE BABE,  
YOU HAVE BEEN  
HERE A WHILE.  
HAVEN'T YOU?  
MAYBE NOT  
YEARS, BUT  
A WHILE!

I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO  
MY CAMP AND FRY YOU UP SOME  
SIZZLING BACON AND SOME FRESH  
EGGS! THEN WE CAN FIND YOUR  
FOLKS. COME!



IT...  
IT WASN'T SO BAD AT FIRST  
BUT... NOW I'M SCARED ALL THE  
TIME, AND... AND SO LONELY! TOOKIE  
TAKES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING  
WRONG WITH HIM.

DON'T EVEN  
THINK ABOUT IT ANY  
MORE, EVERYTHING'S  
GOING TO BE JUST  
FINE NOW.

THE FIRST THING TO DO IS GET RID OF THIS... TOOKIE! YOU'VE DEVELOPED TOO MANY FIXATIONS ABOUT IT. ONCE IT'S GONE YOU'LL FEEL BETTER! YOU'LL SEE!

NO! DON'T HURT TOOKIE! MY MOMMY AND DADDY GAVE HIM TO ME!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. YOU'LL SLEEP MUCH BETTER WITHOUT HIM!

STOP! ADOO!

MOTHER... FATHER... YOU CAN COME IN NOW. I'VE DESTROYED THE TRANS-MUTATOR!

REMEMBER YOUR UNCLE AND AUNTIE. HE KNEW YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER MELANIE! SHE WANTS YOU AS BADLY AS WE DO!

BUT WHY DID YOU DESTROY MY TOOKIE?

YOUR TEDDY BEAR WAS YOUR GUARDIAN, BOY! IT WAS MUCH TOO DANGEROUS!

BEFORE THEY WERE INJURED YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER RULED THREE QUARTERS OF THIS GALAXY. NOW, THEY'RE BETTER... AND THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU!

ONLY WE'LL HAVE YOU NOW... AND THEY'LL HAVE TO DO WHAT WE SAY!

STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

NO! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

I RUN AS FAST AS I CAN FOR THE CELLAR! IT SMELLS OF DECAYED MEAT AND ANIMAL WASTE... BOTH LEFT BY ROSCOE!

I CHOOSE TO FIGHT BACK THE TERRORS AND THE FEAR WELLING UP IN MY STOMACH! I... I DON'T WANT TO GO IN THE CELLAR! BUT... BUT... I HAVE NO CHOICE! BESIDES... WITH TOOKIE GONE, ROSCOE DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE!

STILL, THEY'LL TRAP ME IN THE CELLAR. THE WINDOW. IT'S MY ONLY HOPE! BUT HOPE CRUMBLES WHEN I REALIZE...



...IT'S LOCKED!

YOU WERE SILLY TO RUN! WE'RE NOT GOING TO HARM YOU, BOY! AT LEAST NOT RIGHT NOW!

FATHER! WAIT! WHAT'S THAT NOISE? IN THE DARKNESS? IT...IT SOUNDS LIKE...



BEFORE THE BAD PEOPLE REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENING, ROSCOE LEAPS FROM THE SHADOWS!

...GROWLING!



NOW ABOUT THAT! ROSCOE IS FOR REAL! TOOKIE DIDN'T PUT HIM TOGETHER AFTER ALL! NO WONDER I HAD TO FEED HIM! TOOKIE WASN'T PROGRAMMED TO TAKE CARE OF HIM... ONLY ME!



THE WOLF MUST HAVE WANDERED INTO THE OLD HOUSE ONE NIGHT LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO SLEEP... AND GOT LOCKED IN THE BASEMENT! AND NOW HE WAS JUST HAVING BREAKFAST... LIKE I BRING HIM EVERY MORNING!

I KNOW THE BAD PEOPLE WON'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE... NOT WITH MY FRIEND ROSCOE AROUND!



THEY SAID MUMMY AND DADDY WERE COWING! I HOPE SO! MAYBE I WON'T HAVE TO SPEND MUCH MORE TIME HERE. I WON'T MISS THIS SPOOKY OLD HOUSE! I WILL MISS TOOKIE THOUGH!

MAYBE MOTHER AND FATHER WILL GET ME A NEW ONE!



end

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HOT BOB KICKED IT OUT OF  
HYPERSPACE.

DAMN! LOVE  
THEM, COLORS!

GREAT COLORS OR NOT, HOT  
BOB DROPPED HIS SHIP INTO SUN-  
LIGHT AND ATE UP SPACE MILES  
ACROSS HIS OWN BACKYARD.

IT HAD BEEN A  
LONG TIME  
SINCE HE'D SEEN  
THIS PART OF  
THE SYSTEM,  
AND HE WAS  
ANXIOUS. HE  
WAS ALSO IN A  
HURRY!  
HOT BOB ARM-  
STRONG WAS  
GOING HOME.

IN TWO DAYS  
HE WAS GOING  
TO TURN TWIRTY.  
HE WANTED TO  
CELEBRATE HIS  
LAST BIRTHDAY...  
ON EARTH!

HE WANTED AT  
LEAST A DAY OR  
TWO TO WATCH  
WHAT WAS GOING  
TO HAPPEN ON  
HIS BELOVED  
HOME PLANET.  
ESPECIALLY AFTER  
THE BIRTHDAY  
PRESENT HE  
WAS BRINGING  
WITH HIM.

YEAH, HOT BOB  
WANTED TO BE  
AROUND LONG  
ENOUGH TO SEE  
WHAT HAPPENED  
WHEN THE DISEASE  
STARTED BURNING  
INTO THEIR BRAINS.  
THE THOUGHT  
MADE HIM SMILE.

HOT BOB ARM-  
STRONG WAS IN A  
HURRY. HE WAS  
GOING HOME...GRIN-  
NING ALL THE WAY.

# HOT BOB

HEY, COUNCIL!  
HEY, YOU RANSLUCKERS!  
GUESS WHO'S COMING  
TO DINNER?

IT WAS THE **CRUEST** HAILING FREQUENCY IN THE SYSTEM, AND THE COUNCIL **SHUDDERED** WHEN THEY PICKED IT UP! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THEY **KNEW** WHO IT WAS.



ARMSTRONG!?

I WAS HOPIN' YOU THREE STODGES WOULD STILL BE WAITIN' FOR ME! MISS ME, PEOPLE?



WHY ARE YOU COMING BACK, ARMSTRONG?

TWO REASONS, SPARKY. AND YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE HAPPY WHEN YOU FIND OUT WHAT THEY ARE! THIS IS NOT BOB OVER AND OUT!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ARMSTRONG?

I'M BRINGING MY WORK HOME FROM THE OFFICE, DEAR. THEN WE'LL GO DINING AND DANCING!

YOU'RE INSANE, ARMSTRONG! THE RADIATION'S EATEN YOUR BRAIN AWAY!



HE'D LET THEM STEW IN IT. AT LEAST UNTIL HE GOT THERE! HE COULDN'T HELP FEELING A LITTLE **CHRIST-LIKE**! AFTER ALL, HE WAS LIVING UP TO HIS **PROMISE** TO RETURN! AND WE WAS GOING TO RESCUER NATIONS AND JUDGE AMONG ALL SOULS!

LYING BACK, PULLING ON HIS OWN HOMBROWN, HOT BOB LET HIS MIND RELAX, AND WANDER... BACK TO HIS FAREHOLD, BACK TO HIS WORK!

HE REMEMBERED THE **SATELLITE** BENEATH THREE DISTANT SLIMS! IT WAS THE **PERFECT** PLACE TO FULFILL HIS **DESTINY**! AND THERE, AFTER TEN YEARS, HE'D **SUCCEEDED** IN HIS MISSION... IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!



HIS FATHER HAD BEEN A **BIG** MAN WHEN HE WAS A KID. THE OLD MAN HAD BEEN **EL PRIMO TECHNICIAN** ON THE ADVANCED **NUCLEAR WEAPONRY** BEFORE THE WAR!



HE'D SHOWN HIS OLD MAN THE WAY HE FELT ABOUT KICKING UP WAR FOR THE SAKE OF THE WORLD'S **ECONOMY**. HE'D LED **ANTI-NUCLEAR DEMONSTRATIONS**, **SPEARHEADED ATTACKS** ON NUCLEAR SITES. THEN HE BECAME A **HERO**! AND NOW THE HERO WAS COMING HOME TO **CONQUER**!



THIS COULD MEAN THE **END OF CIVILIZATION** AS WE KNOW IT!

THAT **MANURE** IS COMING BACK TO MAKE **GOOD HIS THREATS**! AND I, FOR ONE, FEEL HE'S CAPABLE OF **DOING IT**!

I DON'T WANT HIM TO TOUCH **DOWN** ON THIS PLANET!



THE OLD **LUNAR NUKE BASE**/ ARMSTRONG CAN BE TAKEN OUT FROM **THERE**... WITH THE VERY SAME GUIDANCE SYSTEM HIS FATHER **DESIGNED**!

**NO!**



TAKE IT **EASY**, DR. ARMSTRONG. IT'S YOUR **PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY**! THAT MAD DOG IS YOUR **SON**!

**BLOW** HIM OUT OF THE SKY AND YOU TAKE THE **CREDIT**! LET HIM **LAND** AND YOU'RE TO **BLAME**!

BUT... HOW COULD HE HARM US WITHOUT DESTROYING THE REST OF THE WORLD? HE WANTS ME... **US DEAD**! BUT HE'S **MESSIANIC** ABOUT SAVING **EARTH**!

HE WOULDN'T BE COMING BACK IF HE DIDN'T HAVE **SOMETHING** FIGURED OUT! I DON'T SEE WHERE WE HAVE A **CHOICE**, DOCTOR!



BOB ARMSTRONG  
KNEW THEY'D  
TRY TO **BREAKE**  
HIM BEFORE  
HE GOT ANY-  
WHERE NEAR  
HOME! THAT  
WAS WHY HE'D  
LEANED HIS  
SHIP'S CHEEK  
RIGHT UP  
AGAINST THE  
ASTEROID  
BELT!



HE KNEW WHAT THEY'D BE  
DOING ON THE MOON BASE...  
THE ONLY PLACE UNARMED  
BY THE NUCLEAR **WOLFGANG**!  
HIS OLD MAN'D **WOLFGANG**  
HIM THERE AFTER THE WAR,  
TO KEEP HIM OUT OF THE  
WAY WHILE THEY COMENCED  
"RECONSTRUCTION!"

WE'D READ ABOUT THE FLOWER CHILDREN OF THE SIXTIES!  
THOSE VERY SAME "FLOWER POWER" KIDS HAD GROWN UP  
AND BLOWN THE WORLD AWAY WITH **MILITARY POWER!**

THIS IS **REAL**  
HISTORY... THE  
FIRST **NUCLEAR**  
MISSILES  
LAUNCHED SINCE  
THE WAR!



"EAK...NOT  
BOB KNEW  
ABOUT THE  
MOON  
BASE!"



HE KNEW ABOUT THE OLD MAN'S  
GUIDANCE SYSTEM TOO! HE  
GRIMMED AGAIN...AND SLAMMED  
ON THE **RAM BRAKES**...

THE MISSILES WHIZZED INTO THE  
ASTEROID FIELD AND THE FIRST  
FLASH WENT OFF IN HIS FACE...

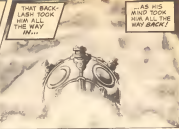






AND IN THE NEGATIVE VACUUM BEFORE THE SECOND FLASH TOOK HIM OUT, HOT BOB HIT THE SHOCK WAVES... AND SURFED ON THE BACKLASH AT DAMN NEAR THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

THAT BACKLASH TOOK HIM ALL THE WAY IN...



...AS HIS MIND TOOK HIM ALL THE WAY BACK!

THEY'D REBUILT **EVERYTHING** SINCE HE'D LEFT EARTH LABELLED A **RETRIMENT!** THE LAST TIME HE'D SEEN THEM, THE CITIES HAD BEEN **LEVELLED**, THE **FORESTS**, **FLOWERS**, EVEN THE **CATERPILLERS** WERE **GONE!** SOMEHOW, THEY'D MANAGED TO REBUILD THE CITIES! BUT EVERYTHING **ELSE** WAS **STILL GONE!**

HE'D BEEN FREE TO WANDER THE OUT-SYSTEM SATELLITE OF HIS **EXILE!** THERE HE'D PLANTED THE **SEEDS**... THE **TEST SEEDS** THAT HAD BEEN EXPOSED ON EARTH AND EXPECTED TO **MUTATE!** THERE HE'D NURSED THE **CHRYSAEIS**, THE **EGGS**, ALL OF THE **LIFE** EXPOSED TO THE **POISONS** HIS FATHER MADE!



AND IT WAS THERE THAT IT **CAME** TO HIM... AND HE **KNEW** WHAT HE HAD TO **DO!** ALL THE **SEEDS**, ALL THE **EGGS**, ALL THE **SILK-WRAPPED LARVE**... THEY WERE EARTH'S LAST **HOPE!**

HE'D **STOLEN** THE LAST PRECIOUS PIECES OF **NATURE** AND TAKEN A **RESEARCH SHIP**. HE FOUND A PLACE BENEATH **WARM SUNS**, BENEATH **GENTLE RAINS**...

...AND IN HIS OWN **SELF-EXILE**... HE HAD BECOME A **VERITABLE GOD!**





HE *KNEW* WHO THE FIRST ONES TO GREET HIM WOULD BE.



HE'D DONE IT *ALL* FOR THEM! FOR THE CHILDREN! FOR THEM *ALONE*!



THE EGGS HAD BECOME WONDERFUL BIRDS...



THE POISONED SEEDS WERE NOW LIVING, MYSTICAL PLANTS...



...THE LARVAE GREW INTO MARVELLOUS HONEY BEES...

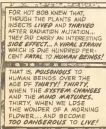


...AND THE MYSTICAL, SHINING BUTTERFLIES FILLED THE MAGIC AFTERNOON!



FOR WHAT THEY HAD *DONE* TO THE WORLD, FOR WHAT THEY YET *PLANNED* TO DO TO IT, HOT BOB ARMSTRONG HAD SWORN VENGEANCE!

AND TO THE RAVAGED EARTH, HE'D MADE A *PROMISE*, *RESEEDING* THE PLANET, *FULFILLING* THE PROMISE... AND IT ALSO BROUGHT WITH IT THE VENGEANCE!



FOR HOT BOB KNEW THAT, THOUGH THE PLANTS AND INSECTS *LIVED* AND *THRIVED* AFTER RADIATION MUTATION... THEY DID CARRY AN INTERESTING *SIDE EFFECT*... A VIRAL STRAIN WHICH IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT FATAL TO HUMAN BEINGS!

THAT IS, *POISONOUS* TO HUMAN BEINGS OVER THE AGE OF *THIRTY! THIRTY*, WHEN THE *SYSTEM CHANGES* AND THE *MIND MATURES*, *THIRTY*, WHEN WE LOSE THE WONDER OF A MORNING FLOWER... AND BECOME *TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!*



HOT BOB *SMILED* AS THE RADIATION DISEASE CHOKED HIM WITH *FOAMING BLOOD*! HE SUDDENLY WANTED TO SEE HIS *FATHER*... AND BRING HIM A *FLOWER!*

# THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

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# THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

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
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